

Bard

Bard College
Bard Digital Commons

Robert Kelly Manuscripts

Robert Kelly Archive

1-2009

janI2009

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "janI2009" (2009). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 514.
http://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/514

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

Bard

= = = = =

There's always someone to listen to.
I'm not claiming someone is always talking
but you never know. I do know
listening always hears.

Silence if you can or will
my acoustic spasm. The sun
on the ice-sheathed morning
branches speaks French.

29 January 2009

= = = = =

No matter what you've been up to
the stars still shine.

Ice melts under warm rain.

The truth is out:
all there is is all there is.

29 January 2009

Kingston

ANGST

Someone angry speaking
heart of blame.

Or is it the coffee pot
making its sound
à toute chose son histoire
of which we are a little part.

Or was it, I thought,
a rat in the wall—
one winter they came
into all these houses—
no, coffee, and soon
like an easy epigram
in the Greek Anthology
I'll go and drink what I hear

and call it day.

First morning on earth.

30 January 2009

= = = = =

What we dismiss out of hand
falls from the hand
and is lost to us.
Have we so many instruments
we can let one fall untried?

30.I.09

TRYING TO CATCH UP

with the fluidity of ink
rainfall on the border
people sitting in the rain

will they ever say as much as they mean
will they ever mean as much as they are

somewhere it is raining—
that's all that's easy to say.
But something else needs saying—
crack the rock and there I am?

30 January 2009

= = = = =

(another:)

Jesus said: Split the log
and I am there. If I can be
even in the simplest things
I can be in you. Find me.

30.I.09

= = = = =

In a season of wearing hats
beginning it is a season of wearing
a reason for wearing hats
if this were or since this is
a baroque oboe concerto I
would say again this season
of the reason to wear hats
again and again a variation
on a hat or someone wearing
a hat a reason or sneezes
would make my hat fall off.

30 January 2009

ANIMALS

What do they think
when things happen?

What do they know
of causes? Are we there
for them at all?

Soft rocks are we
round which they move
their minds like ours
on other things?

30 January 2009

= = = = =

Kiss my brain
it is the prairie
through which you
run uncontrolled by wind
the grass also knows you

. . . 30 January 2009

= = = = =

A little open space to lean on
my camel tethered to your shadow
my overcoat with stars

I'm rich again,
the paltry mildewed regulations
got eaten by rats, the rats went home,
the air is clean of
anybody's intention,
interpretations,

we broke
the prison wall and let a bird out,
there's always one victim left
when everybody else shouts Victory!

does that make me a radical
or just one more tramp?
I love how tall you are when you stand up.

31 January 2009

SCHERZO FOR TWO VIOLAS

for they are purpler
than any other strings,

purpler instrument
a whole note held
this poor old world
a frail fermata

and then and then
what comes next?
purple as shadow
on a frozen lake

of course sources
differ, some
light hums from the sky,
soft secret light leaks up out of earth—
leaps?

some say, some so close

the way a chair is
to another chair
around a table
but the table is not there

only the space
they shape for themselves
chair beside chair
in purple shadow

the two lights mingle
till we say in simplicity
there is light or I see light or

it is so close to twilight
the in-between light
that the trees themselves
though they have no leaves
still breathe,

they breathe
an absence even
a something else
in January woods, a slim
sly duskiness
or thick,
a thickery of very air,

as if the air itself
were sitting softly on a chair

winter on earth? evening? soon?
soon is the song we improvise
all this soft of gloaming,
to make love in this kind of now
would be too obvious, too soon,
too *spätromantik*, love
should be always nowadays, created,
made with current methods and materials,
made love, built up
at ten to nine on weekday mornings
on the subway between Chambers and 14th
when the train hurtles north
and everybody is deep
asleep in the same dream

dream of a work about to begin,
and then the true the
so-called love could buzz
like bees or beeswax among us
like Jupiter among his buxom swans,
Venus slippery among her anxious paramours

and nobody notices! nobody sees!
because everybody does it and it
is everybody and no one
even knows what everybodyies do,

go slow, love too
is a parapet,
a paper crown on a sweating forehead,
a comic opera with no birds in it
a young deer bolting over last night's snow
frightened maybe but not very fast.

31 January 2009
[7 February 2009]

for Adrienne & Marka

= = = = =

Elephants shouldn't ride horses,
obvious things are best
no one notices, and poetry
reads a little fresher
when it's a little shopworn
rustles like thrift-shop rayon
dresses with big pink flowers.
The river dried up long ago
that's why we're so sure
what the new direction is,
a sunbaked scar for miles and miles.

In the '50s New York tried hard
to be Paris in the '20s now New York
tries to be New York in the '50s
nothing's easier than a new idea
and elephants everywhere, *les*
vieux pets of the island of beavers
drinking the sad free wine of vernissages
and smoking in the doorways of galleries
Chelsea what have you done to yourself
you used to be so shy and with such pretty
hindparts peach trees grew there
and only sculptors were ever afraid.

31 January 2009

= = = = =

The snow has been here for days
but this is the first time the sun has seen it.

So finally I get to see it too
and if I follow my shadow backwards

I can finally intuit where I'm coming from.

31 January 2009

= = = = =

Lo, I had read the whole book
and no word hurt.

31.I.09, Kingston